

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

THE SONG OF THE THANKFUL TIME

By Miriam S. Clark

This is a song of the Thankful-time
Hear, little child in the light,
I am the fairy of growing things,
Plenty of gladness beneath my wings,
I sing while there fire is bright,
I'll sing you a song of the Thankful-time,
So listen, dear drowsy, and hear my rhyme.
I am the fairy of warmth and light;
I am the fairy of rain;
I am the spirit who watches true
In fog or shadow or sun or dew,
'Till the meadows grow ripe again;
Singing lowly in every chime,
My song of hope for the Thankful-time.

The trees in the orchard are red, little child,
The meadows were green with wheat;
The long summer I watched them grow,
Bringing them gladness in ways I know
To make them most perfectly sweet.
Now they are yours, little child, little king,
With their sunshine, their goodness, their
everything.

This was my part of the Thankful-time;
I sing it to you, little king.
Dear little drowsy, before you sleep,
Here where the shadows are warm and deep,
Look out to your stars and say:
"I am glad for hours and glad for love,
I am glad for the wide, kind skies above,
I am glad for the plenty in any clime
In my heart is the spirit of 'Thankful-time.'"
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

What do you think of the advisability of making enemies?

Do you believe in compromise at any cost. Do you believe that in these days a man can't cut a dead line without what he knows to be right, and what he absolutely recognizes as wrong?

Does he have to win at things?
Does he have to be blind, or pretend to be and by his silence give consent to practices that in his or a sharer in the benefits thereby, when put through by his firm, or by other parties with whom he has interests?

Can he afford to speak out his honest convictions?

Can he afford to make powerful enemies?

I have a theory that he can, but the majority of men say, "No. A man has got to live. He has his family to consider. There are such sort of vindictive persons floating around, who won't stop at anything."

Do you know it's these at heart good, but backboneless men, who are the most dangerous element of a community.

They are the men, the "Want-To-Be Goods, but weaklings, we rely on in elections to turn the honest vote."

They are the chaps we all have faith in, and rightly so, to do the honest thing often at great personal sacrifice to themselves. You'd almost trust them in a horse deal.

But somehow they just fall down when it comes to taking any decided stand. They are afraid to make enemies.

They follow the line of least resistance. They want peace at any cost.

Now I maintain that you can pay too big a price for keeping friends. For maintaining peace.

There was once a very famous and distinguished Greek gentleman of character so fine and irreproachable that his compatriots, moved by spontaneous admiration, united in electing him to the post of prime minister. The gentleman was flattered, and in all probability attempted to live up to the title; with the lamentable result, that his compatriots eventually got tired of hearing his praises sung, and requested him, through the medium of the hall-boy, to remove himself and his unusual virtues to a district where they hadn't heard quite so much about them.

The obvious moral to be drawn from this unfortunate occurrence, is, I believe, the inadvisability of relying on the aid of popular favor. But, if I am not mistaken, the story contains other morals. Some of them less flattering to the good sense and good feeling of a democracy. As, for instance, the advisability of encouraging the expression of opinion even on such important and intimate subjects as your personal honor and character.

And Aristides' conduct was indisputably discredited from the first a matter of dispute among the Athenian public; had the equivalent of the Athenian nickname was hardly suggested from the first that the Athenian public in general would have taken sides and enjoyed itself, waxed noisy, waxed furious, adored Aristides, and abused him. But quite certainly it would have been satisfied by his praises, and bored by his irrepressible virtue—so bored that it had got tired of him!

In this attitude of mind the Athenian public does not appear to be alone. The almost universal record of history points to the fact, that this is a heritage of a large portion of this and every race, and we of the 21st century, if we are even partially active and enthusiastic over our opinions and convictions, require, just as the Ancients did, the needful dose of contradiction and denial from the man who does not see as we do—the needful opponent who refuses to listen to a word we have to say, who jeers at our strongest beliefs and makes a jest of our heated and cherished convictions.

He is the spur; the sting—that drives us from thought into action.

Where, one may ask, would His Majesty's Ministry be without the constant and annoying presence

of His Majesty's Opposition? What would it have to talk about, and who on earth would listen to what it said? Think how Mr. Sifton rises to introduce some bill, and no one cares whether he does or not, because there is no Bennett to find fault with it. No one to argue with him. No dissentient voice heard in Opposition.

Nobody to fall on his one-sided Government and pick it to pieces.

Or, rather, do not trouble to think about it at all, because it isn't worth a thought.

Without an Opposition waiting to pounce and denounce, a budget, or a Home Rule bill, isn't worth the ink and paper it's written on.

If everybody wanted them, the chances are that no one would want them badly enough to stir a finger, or open a mouth to get them.

It is largely through fighting the other side, testing its reasoning, and exposing up its weaknesses, that we acquire our own convictions and find out how much we want the thing that the other side would rather we did not have.

One would think that this fact—that debt to an enemy—was self-evident; but it is curious, in this town and country, how little it is recognized.

At the Amco Co. even the sleeping eyes on the Hudson Bay, and the Hudson Bay they on Johnstone Walker; and if Johnstone Walker's weren't a turn keeping Ramsey in their line of vision, do you suppose we'd have as dead shops as we are getting in Edmonton today?

There's a whole heap in an Opposition, in competition and in a struggle to a finish, to commend it to our regard.

Only ignorance of this can account for the amorphousness of our political life, the lack of political, ecclesiastical, and others at the contradiction and opposition that experience should have taught them to welcome with open arms as a source of their strength and advancement.

Who, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, can furnish us with a better example of good enervating and degenerating having come to their way of thinking.

Who, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, can furnish us with a better example of good enervating and degenerating having come to their way of thinking.

In opposition he is twice the man he has been in his latter years of power. He is getting rid of some of the old landmarks. He is making new friends and enemies. He is becoming his own man again.

Most politicians, cranks, etc. (they are most of them) quickly reject the idea of the under the impression that if you only hear their side of the case long enough, and often enough, you are bound to come to their way of thinking.

Whereas, when you deal with a healthy constitution, the opposite is often the case. Repetition and repetition have the same sort of effect upon the human brain, that they have upon the human stomach; and just as too much jam will produce a craving for something of a totally different flavor, so too much feeding with one set of ideas will produce, in the end, a desire for change and variety.

Twice the periodical electoral swing of the pendulum, which has its counterpart in our individual minds.

Obviously then—if we assume, as I think we may, that this cantankerous frame of mind is not unusual—the scorn and bitterness lavished by politicians and others upon those who disagree with them is not only a bitter-sweet, but a mischievous. An opponent rightly looked at is a helpful ally in disguise; and as such should be welcomed with heartfelt enthusiasm. If it is love that makes the world go round, it is disagreement that quickens the pace of the universe; nor must it be forgotten that a man's opportunity to prove his worth comes as often from the enemy as it does from the friend.

—to take a few random examples—would ever have heard of Mr. David Lloyd George, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Partridge, or Mr. Ben Tillett, if they had not agreed with them from the outset?

Some at least of the above-mentioned celebrities have been known to denounce their opponents as if they were a real and personal grievance!

We live, it is to be feared, in an ungrateful world!

For myself I have not a visiting list, or a waiting list.

—to have a much more interesting one. I call it my "Aren't Speaking" list.

I have contracted it mostly since I ran this paper. The Man on the Horse heads it.

Fitting, too, as you thing of it.

A procession must needs have a marshal, and who better able to marshal than he, who has cornered the well, if you don't know, why should I tell you?

Then there is the nice little chap who would slide into the public eye on a Pure Water wave.

The man who is a cat's paw. A Straw Man—call him what you will, for a Great Big Man higher up.

The "word licker" or "tool" is even better, as I think of it.

If his leader goes under, you see where he gets off. So do I. Oh, I don't blame him. Of himself he is for nothing. Not even a member of the Club, though he has first-class boxing-glove methods.

—Put him on the list.

He never will be missed."

Then there is the woman who worked me for a free at some time ago.

She wasn't as successful next time.

"Now I've got her on the list."

Tell the truth, she's not been missed."

I mustn't forget either the lawyer with a steady eye.

Almost I begin to believe I am in a fair way to amounting to something.

Now, if only these gentlemen could see in me their one chance of attracting public attention to

themselves, either as in the role of martyrs, or as dangerous enemies of the public good, can you not see with what a different, different feeling they would regard me. Instead of which, they, on their own showing, corroborate how truthfully I have hated them up.

Little men are always spiteful men. It's your big man who can fight to a finish on the floor of the House, and then walk off like a man to dine with his adversary of the Opposition.

We do not raise many men of this calibre in these parts. I know one or two.

But perhaps most men are keenly sensitive to criticism.

They are like Hans Christian Andersen, the gentle fabulist, who often displayed the caprices of a lovable and sensitive child, whose floods of sunshine are followed by deluges of rain. In Paris, recently, the distinguished Danish critic, George Brandes, lectured delightfully on Andersen.

"Always," Le Gaulois quotes Brandes as saying, "Andersen was a child of the people, and never, even in his old age, did he lose his wonderful childlike simplicity which, if it threw the glamor of fairyland upon his creations was, nevertheless, not without its amusing side."

He was peculiarly sensitive to criticism of any kind. One day in a cafe a friend noticed that he was discussing a matter of his work, written by an unknown scribbler in a newspaper of no account, and said to him:

"There, you don't mind what a newspaper like this may say about you?"

"Andersen looked up, and the friend said that tears were rolling down his cheeks:

"He said hesitatingly, 'Do mind—just a little.'"

"Mind if you will, 'just a little.' It will do you no harm."

And then console yourselves with the thought that now his name must be taken out of me by the "Aren't Speaking Brigade."—live in New York?

There is quite strenuous enough for me.

Member of the aforesaid Noble Don't. Stark.

"Do all your own as pretty a little piece as he has yet seen."

—to remind me of a good story told of a Salvation Army man who was taking up a collection on a street.

"One man was heard to say, as he dropped some, 'Here's ten cents for the graters.'"

—to know you believe there's any graft in the Salvation Army, quickly rejoined the woman.

"How do you know?" the man asked her.

"—to say you would be in the Army yourself if you did, was the sharp reply. And the man had the grace—and the humor—to laugh."

I didn't hear any undue merriment, though, from the man who made a similar charge against The Mirror.

He has stuck in two other papers in town, but as there's nothing doing in the graft line on this paper, naturally he didn't tell himself to unburden himself of any of his, what I'm going to say—gold.

Wonder what he'll suggest next!

Two years ago, when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was in England telling us how to govern Egypt, an Englishman happened to be in Washington, where he met President Taft. Said the Englishman: "Mr. Roosevelt seems to be getting on very well in London; hadn't he better stay there and run the country?" Taft looked up at him, and said, "Well, he answered, 'Well, perhaps we could spare him.'"

Sometimes, you know, sometimes I almost persuade myself that we could spare some of our big Public Men, who do so much roaming in "furrin parts," where no one can get at them to transact their business. I don't know, but I don't think over-looked. Deputies wreck their constitutions in the Public Service—shoulder any blame or iniquity there is attached to the office—and get their salaries or hold the purse, simply and solely as the Big Man's humor dictates.

Oh, I am persuaded—indeed, indeed, we could spare some of them.

As this paper is read by a goodly portion of business men, I make no apology for re-publishing part of the following excellent article, headed "The Uses of Imagination in Business: Its Value and Possibilities."

"Although it is allowed that imagination has certain uses, it is not so generally recognized that men still believe that its primary function, if not its true and only mission, is found in poetry, painting, and prose literature. As for imagination in business—there is no factory and workshop, no store and office, in buying and selling merchandise—well, the idea is absurd. The world of commerce, we are in commerce, is essentially practical. It is governed by facts and common sense; imagination is just the one thing to which it is opposed. I have sometimes put the matter to the test by asking my literary friends the bluntest of questions in the bluntest possible manner. 'When Swinburne was imagining 'Atalanta,' and Linton imagining the means of adapting particular blends of tea to the quality of local water supplies, was the poet using a faculty quite different from that of the provision dealer?'"

—to the reply to the question were more strenuous in language than they were clear in meaning, but they all agreed that Swinburne's mental activity was imagination par excellence, while Linton's was mere reasoning about the profitable distribution of a commercial product. With his verdict I find myself in total disagreement; it confuses values with real values, and it is bad psychology.

That a fine poem, full of real singing and replete with shaded phrases, is of greater mental significance than the inventiveness embodied in an improved collar-stud may be readily admitted; idealism will always take precedence of mere utility. But it is impossible to argue that therefore the poet, as a result of imagination par excellence while the despoiled though immensely useful little collar-stud is the product of intelligence working on a lower plane.

Both are the offering of mind working in the same way, but directed to different ends; the one aims at achievement on the lines of the ideal, the other is contented with mere usefulness on the lines of the real. My argumentative friends believed they had cornered me when they instituted a bold comparison between a celebrated poet and a soap-maker. "Do you mean to say," they exclaimed, "that the language of an advertisement in the New York—demands the same facility to produce it as language of Shelley? Here is a shout from the soap-maker."

Wilkinson's Peerless Clearer.

Now contrast it with lines like these:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Strains the wealth of radiance of eternity.

Do you tell us that the soap-maker and the poet used the same kind of imagination?

I replied that there is only one imagination, just as there is only one memory. I may try to recall a saying of Plato or Goethe in the morning, or I may make an effort to remember the price of paid last year for breakfast bacon or whether it rained on Easter Monday; but in each case I use the one faculty of memory. So with imagination. There is not a set of brain-cells for imagination in poetry and another set for business. Besides, the poet in literature has his perfect side, the work of commerce. Flaubert never looked more carefully for the one word to express his meaning that the business man does to set forth the precise nature, use, and attractiveness of his commodities. When Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters" describes a pall of water being carried uphill, the water slipping over the sides, and a quiverer, and the work of commerce, we can see with what care the italicized words were selected. But may not the soapmaker have exercised a similar care? I claim that he has. When Stevenson is involved in seeking such a phrase and that of seeking the motif in literature there is no difference whatever. Modern advertising is, in fact a triumph of the imagination. For years the work of commerce was content to announce its existence in the blindest manner. It gave its name and address, informed the public what it existed for, and then it was done. Vague and unattractive. There was no glow, no art, no understanding of human nature. Nowadays we follow a different method. Advertising has its textbooks of psychology and its own art studies; it is only another way of saying it has pressed imagination into its service.

Judging by the business-like manner in which the two negroes held up, and beat up, their unfortunate victim a week or so ago, we are surely not wrong in imagining that the advance guard of the Militant Suffragettes, are already in our midst.

Our women are making their presence felt.

I don't know who so many people are talking going south for the winter. What do they want?

—to have the City Fathers given them not only a Board Walk, but a Board Drive, extending from Eighth Street to dear knowing us.

Atlantic City has nothing on us.

If you are lucky you will get this paper sometime next year.

Subscribers inform me that last week their Mirror, not on Friday, reached them on Monday noon.

Good. Better service every day!

Lord Courtney was once addressing a political meeting and spoke in favor of the much-debated Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. On the conclusion of Lord Courtney's address, a lady in the audience rose to the would you marry her sister? "To answer that I must put another question," replied the speaker. "Are you married?" The man answered in the negative. "Is your wife present?" She was not. "Well, mine is!" came the telling retort.

How differently we take politics in this country from the way they do "at home" in the old land, is admirably illustrated by a letter I had from an Irishman resident in London, this week.

"Although up to my eyes in the matter," I write, "I leave to-morrow for London and must get over to leave the Ulster Covenant and attend some meetings against the iniquitous bill."

I know Irishmen of the kind that the hatred between Catholic and Protestant is more bitter than that between Hindu and Mohammedan.

My dear man, I have about as much himself, whether a man's Jew or Jew, Catholic or Protestant, as I do.

He is good, and does good, but the churches trouble him not. It's what you are yourself, not what you belong to, that counts with him.

But he does love a scrap.

He does revel in good, and all Irish politics.

Imagine any of us leaving our business to travel to Ulster—for a tricolour! We would travel to Chicago for a beer and a song. Some of our Cabinet Ministers have gone so far as to do so.

But a Baseball Game and a principle are too very different things.

The day we rouse ourselves sufficiently to set out for Ulster—will be the turning point in our march forward for a cleaner and better Government.

What have I been saying about you? I think it takes some supposed or real wrong, some enemy, if only an imagined one, to rouse people from their dead, lethargic state, to higher, better things.

Let the good work up the back lanes, in the city dairies, and among the milk bottles, be started. It won't be too soon.

There's not much sense, however, in condemning conditions either in milk or in the garbage area, if you don't enforce the elimination of those conditions. Talk was ever cheap, and human lives have paid the sacrifice.

Mr. F. Hay Burt

IMPORTER OF MILLINERY

Showing Paris, New York
and Chicago Hats, besides
my own exclusive designs,
also the Newest in Scarfs
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of John Ah Quai, late of the
City of Edmonton, in the Province of
Alberta, Merchant, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons
having claims upon the estate of the late
John Ah Quai, who died on the 26th day
of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send
to National Trust Company, Limited,
Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of
the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge,
Hemwood and Gibson, Barristers, Edmon-
ton, on or before the 15th day of October, 1912,
a full statement of their claims and of any
security held by them, duly verified, and
that after that date the administrator will
proceed to distribute the assets of the
deceased among the parties entitled thereto,
having regard only to the claims of
which notice has been filed with it or its
Solicitors.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of
September, 1912.

(1) RICE, HENWOOD & GIBSON,
for the Administrator.

A STRANGE DOUKHOBOR CEREMONY

Strange are many of the customs
of residents in Canada who
have come from Eastern Europe.
Here is an account of what hap-
pened in the Doukhobor settle-
ment at Veregin, Saskatchewan.

At Veregin village a new edict
went into effect which was to be
a preliminary function prepara-
tory to the departure of a number
of Doukhobors to the new colony
at Brilliant, B. C. About five
hundred women and a thousand
men were ordered on a bare foot
march which covered twenty
miles all told. The big company
of men and women carried their
hats, shoes, and stockings in their
hands, by order of Peter Veregin,
the leader, while they marched
along. At the White Star River
the mysterious ceremony took
place.

—Water in Evidence—
The women were ordered to
march ahead over a bridge and
Peter made the men march into
the water up to their heads. At
this point the current was swift
and deep. Peter waded in till
the water reached his chin, then
carefully made his way back to
the shore and ordered each man
to go out into the river as far as
he had done. This proved to be
a severe task for a great number,
as Peter is a very big and tall
man. Some of the shorter mem-
bers of the company were un-
able to accomplish the task and
would have drowned but for the
assistance of the bigger men.
Then standing on the shore the
great company engaged in that
wild chanting and singing so pec-
uliar to their sect. Peter would
sing awhile, then his subjects
would chime in.

All the shoes and stockings of
the men and women were in a
heap which measured several feet
high, in the form of a cone. This
appeared to be the altar for the
occasion over which Peter pon-
dered, sniffed, sang and in-
termittently addressed the great
company circled around. Sixty of
the five hundred women were or-
dered to the front to have their
hair shorn from their heads.
These were women about to leave
for British Columbia. The hair
was removed, leaving a covering
only two inches in length, and
each woman's "Crowning Glories"
were tied up with string in separate
parcels. The hair, it was rumor-
ed around Veregin, was sold at
\$4.00 a ton.

—Deserters Jeer—
During the peculiar ceremony
about two hundred non-commu-
nity Douks (those who have aban-
doned Peter and his vagaries)
gathered on the opposite bank of
the river and, used the opportunity
to jeer, laugh at and denounce
the splendid stage work of the
man of mystery. For a man of
mystery he is even to his own
people. They do not understand
what this march was intended to
represent. The object of the
deal through which the great
company passed is unknown to
them. When several of the com-
munity Douks were asked by Eng-
lish-speaking people what it all
meant they said they didn't un-
derstand what it was for.

As a result of the ordeal a num-
ber of the less hardy specimens of
the race, for instance, clerks and
those inexperienced in roughing
it, were unable to attend to work
the next day from the effects of
the exhaustion.

HOW THE POOR LIVE

(London Daily News).
The rector of Tooting, the Rev.
J. H. Anderson, who is also Chair-
man of the Central Unemployed
Body for London, has just given
his parishioners the subjoined ac-
count of how a certain poor wid-
ow laid out a shilling:

9 lbs. coal	s. d.
3 1/2 lb. of brown	0 1 1/2
Loose firewood	0 2
Loaf of bread	0 0 1/2
2 lbs. potatoes	0 2
1 1/2 pint of pure milk	0 1
1 1/2 lb. of sugar	0 1
1 oz. of tea	0 1
1 candle (which would burn about 2 hours)	0 0 1/2
Pepper and salt	0 0 1/2

"It shows," says the rector,
"that a shilling in cash can be
made to go much farther than a
shilling ticket. Cash is obviously
more beneficial than paper when
the recipient is to be trusted.
When the recipient is not to be
trusted there is not a very good
case for help. But what a revela-
tion of how the poor continue to
exist!"

A MAN'S CHARITY

A New York paper tells the following story
of what is known as the "bread line". An Austrian
came to this country years ago to make his fortune.
He established a bakery and restaurant in New
York, and was succeeding, when one night he hap-
pened to note outside his shop a man who looked
through the cellar windows hungrily where the bak-
ers were busy. The baker spoke to the man, found
that he had eaten nothing for hours, and then taking
him inside, gave him a loaf of bread. The man dis-
appeared, but the next night several other men, ac-
companied by the first one, appeared at the bakery
door, and again the baker fed the hungry. Thus
the famous bread line was started. Since that time
no one who has asked for bread has been turned
away by the baker or his employees. Every night
in the week but one, all the year round, any one
who asks for it may have half a loaf of bread, "and
no questions asked."

The sociologists of New York feel that this char-
ity sets a bad precedent. It is no kindness to sus-
tain a man in idleness, they say, and they protested
strongly against the bread line. The baker con-
tended, however, that it was his privilege to feed
hungry men if he chose. Sometimes money was
sent to aid his philanthropy, but he always returned
it. This was his own particular way of helping his
fellowmen, and he wished to be allowed to continue
it in his own way. The money spent in this way
would amount now to a small fortune, it is said, for
the bread line, beginning in 1875 with one man, now
counts 300 to 500, and in times of financial stress it
has been even longer.

It is true that in most large cities there are places
where any one who is hungry can get a meal, but at
these places efforts are at once put forth to find
work for the applicant and to re-establish him on a
fair footing with society. Students of human con-
ditions contend that the highest charity is to enable
a man to dispense with charity. At the same time,
this story of New York's bread line is picturesque
and interesting, and also illuminating as showing
one man's faithfulness to an ideal of human service,
to doing the thing he felt to be right. If his actual
deed is not one to be everywhere emulated, his spirit
of active service certainly is.

DELAYED MARRIAGE

(From The New York American).
It seems a strange thing that with all the varied
discussion of suffrage and the sex question, none of
the enthusiasts for sex equality have mentioned the
money question as it affects marriage. The Contin-

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business with a firm whose reputation
is clear.

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Our Property is here and we are here
to sell it. We do not put it on the
market at some place a thousand miles
distant, where it is difficult to obtain
accurate information regarding it, NO.

We carry on a campaign of publicity in
your midst, advertising in every local
paper.

We court enquiry. We invite you to
come and personally inspect our Prop-
erty at our expense. We know that
we have Property worth selling, and we
want you to know it, and buy it.
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ental theory that marriage is family business, and
that it is the duty of the parents to see to the mat-
erial welfare of the young couple, finds no echo on
this side of the ocean.

The American idea of marriage is still the pioneer
idea. In the old days, when women were scarce
and the question of organizing a home resolved it-
self merely into a mating, the men of this land were
glad to win anything that wore a petticoat. But
with the present dense population and the struggle
for existence in keen competition with other men,
this crude form of family life must of necessity give
way.

A crying evil of the present day is the delay of
marriage until one or both of the couple reaches
middle age. More and more it is the fashion for a
man to wait until he is thirty-five or forty before he
enters matrimony. That means that a man is forty
or forty-five before his babies come along, and that
when his sons and daughters are passing through
childhood he is too old to be a companion to them.
And these delayed marriages are nine times out of
ten caused by material financial considerations. It
is becoming harder and harder as the years go on
for a young man to earn enough to start and provide
for a family. But if the bride brought with her an
income equal to that earned or possessed by her
husband this condition would be changed instantly
and more youthful marriages would take place. In
all seriousness, this is a question that the American
father of the future must consider.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The powder lay in heaps—a dull threat
Of death—where powder should not lie;
Some loaf threw down a cigarette—
And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereat, a solemn jury met
And laid the blame, in wisdom rare,
On him that threw the cigarette.
Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heads of Want and Shame,
Whereon men build, one evil day
Some fool will fling a word of flame—
And what will follow, who shall say?

But should all earth be overset,
We'll lay the blame, in dull despair,
On him that threw the cigarette.
Not them that put the powder there.
—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

Facts

Dozens of
Families are now
living on Beacon
Heights

More are build-
ing every day

What they say

That Beacon Heights
Annex is Edmonton's
Star Sub-division

That it is the Home-
site Beautiful

That anticipation is
turned into realisa-
tion

TERMS

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Balance 4, 8, 12 and
16 Months

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ADVERTISE

IN
THE
MIRROR

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

It was a great three days that the Casino company gave us with the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. The old opera certainly stand the test of time well. Even "Patience," which deals with a phase of society that the present generation knows nothing of, more than holds its ground.

In many respects, it is the cleverest of all, so far as the Gilbert libretto goes. It gave De Wolf Hopper his biggest opportunity, and his Bunthorne was an exceedingly clever bit of work. It also gave the best part to Mr. George MacFarlane, who, as Archibald Grosvenor, was inimitable. His "Magnet and the Churn" and the "Willow" duet with Patience are both delightful memories.

The company made good its reputation of being one of all stars, but among the stars, Mr. MacFarlane certainly shone the brightest. Right through the engagement, with the exception of "Pinafore," where Capt. Corcoran did not give him any great chance, his singing and acting were the feature of each performance. When he came on as the Mikado in the second act on the first night, the only regret was that his time on the stage was so limited. His singing of "To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime" was only equalled by that of "The Modern Major-General" in "The Pirates" the next night. Mr. MacFarlane's name as a headline on any comic opera bill will be sufficient henceforth to draw any crowd I can see his work on this occasion.

Eugene Cowles showed to much better advantage as Pooh Poo than in any of his other parts. He still sings well, but is slightly ponderous. Mr. Aldridge, Nanki Poo was his best performance. Mr. Cunningham did consistently good work throughout, his Sir Joseph Porter being particularly well done, especially the ever popular—

Stick close to your desk and never go to sea
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navy.

Blanche Duffield has a voice of great sweetness and her singing of the many fine solos that fell to her was a delight, notably "The Poor Wandering Boy" in "The Pirates" and the moon song in "The Mikado." A little more animation would help her, however. In this respect, Louise Harrell was a striking contrast. Miss Harrell's Pitti Sing was something that is not easy to forget. For Miss Kate Condon an especial word is due. A quite new beauty was given by her to the roles of Kaitoko. In that and the part of Ruth, the piratical maid of all work, she was superb.

Mr. MacFarlane is a Canadian, one of the many who have achieved distinction on the stage across the line.

"It is not generally known," said Vanderheyden Pyles, writing under the title of "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama," in October Canada Monthly, "how many of the stars of Broadway are Canadian-born. For example, Ontario can point to a notable string of distinguished sons and daughters. While James K. Hackett, having been born on Wolfe Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It simply happened that they were summering in Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell a mermaid because she was born at sea? Ontario's most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high ambition, is Julia Arthur, now living in England, in Boston, as the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney. She gave up the histrionic battle before her thirtieth year; yet not until she had achieved a memorable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare. Born in Hamilton, her name was actually Lewis. For stage purposes, however, she borrowed from her brother, Arthur Lewis, instead of dressing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stage with Roselle Knott and William H. Clark; while Ontario was also represented by Hickey, who "died" last season, and by McNeck Rankin, of Sandwich, Norman Hackett, of Amherstburg; by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor in the well-known "The Travelling Salesman," and "The Chorus Lady," and by—who would you say? Why, by the blonde and buxom, jovial and worldly-wise May Irwin!

"It is, after all, the sandville stars who disport themselves with a distinctively American slapdash that one hardly can associate with Canada. Who could feature May Irwin in the little town of Whitty?—or Marie Dressler in Cobourg? Arthur Deacon came from Seaford, and Donald Brian from St. John's; while Toronto gave a waiting world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semblance of nudity, in a coarse farce entitled "A Wife in Pawn" and Maud Allan, of "Salome" notoriety. And still they come! For Eva Tanguay first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care"—at Marbleton!"

Just at present a fund is being raised in England for Mr. Temple, the original "Mikado," who is in straitened circumstances.

Mr. Rutland Barrington, who was the original Pooh-bah with Mr. Temple, and who is now playing in Birmingham in the new sporting play, "A Member of Tattersall's," a week or so ago expressed the keenest regret at his old colleague's unfortunate position. "I knew nothing about it," he said, "until I read it in The Daily Mail this morning and I am very greatly grieved and distressed about it."

"Temple and I are the last of the old brigade. There were great days. Richard Toole was undoubtedly the best 'Mikado' I ever saw or played with. But we have long drifted apart. He was a very fine actor and a most genial companion."

Mr. Barrington recalled an incident which well illustrates the veteran Savoyard's popularity. "In the last dress rehearsals of the 'Mikado' after Temple had sung the famous song 'My object all my time' some one complained that it was too long and inclined to be tedious. So Gilbert 'cut out much to the dismay of Temple, for it was his best song and, in fact, his only solo."

Temple's disappointment so touched the hearts of the choristers that in a body they appealed to Mr. Gilbert, who, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, decided that the song should be sung as origin-

ally intended. Mr. Temple was overjoyed, and the song turned out to be one of his best hits."

Mr. Barrington hopes to take part in the benefit performance Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving are arranging in aid of the veteran actor.

The last three nights of the week that greatest of recent comic successes—"The Chocolate Soldier"—is being given by an excellent company. The wide popularity of "My Hero" and "The Letter Song" is quite sufficient to draw capacity houses.

A contributor to a Vancouver paper, in the course of an article on "Where the Actors Come From," tells a good story. Here it is:

"An American philanthropist made a business of getting jobs for men just out of gaol. A notorious cracksmen came to him with a letter of introduction from the clergyman. 'I've the very thing you want,' said the philanthropist, when the gad-bird had dilated and with pride upon his exploits. 'I'll see my friend Briggs; come around tomorrow morning.' The cracksmen, encouraged by the prospect of honest work, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. 'You're to go to work at once,' said the philanthropist. 'My friend Briggs is producing a melo-drama. In it is a scene where a burglar enters the room and cracks a safe. I'll only take a few minutes, and you don't have to speak a word; just execute the job with the minute details that will make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week.' The cracksmen dolefully shook his head. 'Sorry I can't take the job, boss.' 'Can't help it, boss; I promised my mother I'll never go on the stage.'"

Alfred Sutro, the English playwright visiting New York, told two little stories of George Meredith while discussing play-making the other day. "I had asked him if I might adapt 'The Egoist,'" said Sutro, "and he had accepted the suggestion. We worked together at it, he insisting that we collaborate in the dramatization. I spent many, many delightful week ends with him in connection with his work—and a rare privilege it was."

"One evening we were going over a scene that Meredith had written. It seemed to me a bit long. 'Don't you like it?' asked Meredith, noting that I made no comment. 'Well, I said, 'I wish you would write the scene over, using the shortest possible cut to your meaning.' He remained silent awhile, thinking it over. The scene was one in which the colonel has begged the heroine to give him more hope than she had hitherto held out to him. She replied to all his protestations: 'You are my true and faithful friend.' He is not satisfied. He begs her to tell him more. It was this speech that Mr. Meredith had written and which I thought too long. Suddenly he spoke. 'Am I to banquet upon this water?'"

"It was a typical Meredith sentence," continued Sutro, "and peculiarly his own."

"One incident in George Meredith's life always impressed me. He was about to undergo an operation and had been told by his physician that the danger was considerable. He said nothing about it, however. The night before he was to go under the knife he invited several of his dearest friends to dine with him. It was one of the jolliest little dinners of his life. The next day he was operated on and came through with safety. After it was over he was asked if he had not been afraid. 'No,' he replied, 'I have the greatest faith in the kindness of Nature. I felt that whatever happened to this battered old cage of mine, the little bird fluttering inside it would come to no harm.'"

The following editorial in the Prince Albert Herald is of interest in showing the keen competition that has existed in the past between the two cities of Saskatchewan in connection with the provincial musical festival. The contrast with Alberta, which was the first to inaugurate such an annual event is most marked. The Herald says: "The publication of the syllabus of the fifth annual meeting under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Musical Association, to be held at Regina next May, recalls the somewhat regrettable absence of the Prince Albert choral society from the last competition, after having won the grand challenge shield, representing the choral championship of the province, for two years in succession."

Had the Prince Albert choral society participated successfully at the last festival, the challenge shield would have become the permanent property of the society, three successive wins entitling the competitors to possession of the trophy.

However it is useless at this stage to indulge in vain regrets. The question that naturally suggests itself is whether Prince Albert proposes to make of its future effort to maintain its enviable position among the musical organizations of the province."

The opinion of musical critics, expressed here and elsewhere, have been very flattering to the talent of this city. In fact it has been pointed out by some judges that the voices of Prince Albert competitors in previous festivals have exhibited a natural softness of tone that is missing from those of the singers from communities on the prairie. This they claimed was due to natural advantages of latitude and climate.

There is apparently considerable disorganization among the singing forces of Prince Albert at the present time. Whatever has given rise to this undesirable state of affairs, it seems a pity that such a creditable record behind it, Prince Albert should not make an effort to maintain its standing at the musical festivals.

Proficiency in music is in itself a sufficient reward for some sacrifice on the part of those who have the ability to give the leadership in a movement for popularizing this department of culture, but when it is considered that the prowess of the musical community is likely to shed additional lustre to the commercial greatness of the city, by making it better known throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is another very compelling argument that our musical people should be strongly represented at the next provincial tournament.



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John Ah Quai, who died on the 24th day
of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send
to National Trust Company, Limited,
Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of
the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge,
Hemwood and Gibson, Barristers, Edmon-
ton, Solicitors for the said Administrator,
on or before the 19th day of October, 1912,
a full statement of their claims and of any
security held by them fully verified, and
that after that date the administrator will
proceed to distribute the assets of the
deceased among the parties entitled thereto,
having regard only to the claims of which
notice has been filed with it or its
Solicitors.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of
September, D. 1912.
111 RICE, HENWOOD & GIBSON,
for the Administrator.

**A STRANGE DOUKHOBOR
CEREMONY**

Strange are many of the cus-
toms of residents in Canada who
have come from Eastern Europe.
Here is an account of what hap-
pened in the Doukhobor settle-
ment at Veregin, Saskatchewan.
At Veregin village a new edict
went into effect which was to be
a preliminary function prepara-
tory to the departure of a number
of Doukhobors to the new colony
at Brilliant, B. C. About five
hundred women and a thousand
men were ordered on a bare foot
march which covered twenty
miles all told. The big company
of men and women carried their
hats, shoes, and stockings in their
hands, by order of Peter Veregin,
the leader, while they marched
along. At the White Star River
the mysterious ceremony took
place.

—Water in Evidence—
The women were ordered to
march ahead over a bridge and
Peter made the men march into
the water up to their heads. At
this point the current was swift
and deep. Peter waded in till
the water reached his chin, then
carefully made his way back to the
shore and ordered each man to
go out into the river as far as
he had done. This proved to be
a severe task for a great number,
as Peter is a very big and tall
man. Some of the shorter mem-
bers of the company were un-
able to accomplish the task and
would have drowned but for the
assistance of the bigger men.
Then standing on the shore the
great company engaged in that
weird chanting and singing so
peculiar to their sect. Peter would
sing awhile, then his subjects
would chime in.

All the shoes and stocking of
the men and women were in a
heap which measured several feet
high, in the form of a cone. This
appeared to be the altar for the
occasion over which Peter pon-
dered, sniffed, sang and and in-
termittently addressed the great
company circled around. Sixty of
the five hundred women were
ordered to the front to have their
hair shorn from their heads.
These were women about to leave
for British Columbia. The hair
was removed, leaving a covering
only two inches in length, and
each woman's "Crowning Glory"
tied up with string in separate
parcels. The hair, it was rumo-
red around Veregin, was sold at
\$4.00 a ton.

Deserters Jeer
During the peculiar ceremony
about two hundred non-commu-
nity Douks (those who have aban-
doned Peter and his vagaries)
gathered on the opposite bank of
the river and, used the opportu-
nity to jeer, laugh at and denounce
the splendid stage work of the
man of mystery. For a man of
mystery he is even to his own
people. They do not understand
what this march was intended to
represent. The object of the or-
deal through which the great
company passed is unknown to
them. When several of the com-
munity Douks were asked by Eng-
lish-speaking what it all meant
they said they didn't under-
stand what it was for.

As a result of the ordeal a num-
ber of the less hardy specimens
of the race, for instance, clerks
and those inexperienced in roughing
it, were unable to attend to work
the next day from the effects of
the exhaustion.

HOW THE POOR LIVE

(London Daily News)
The record of Tooting, the Rev.
J. H. Anderson, who is also Chair-
man of the Central Unemployed
Body for London, has just given
his parishioners the subjoined ac-
count of how a certain poor wid-
ow laid out a shilling:

9 lbs. coal	s. d.
4 lb. of brown	0 1 1/2
Loose firewood	0 3
Loaf of bread	0 0 1/2
2 lbs. potatoes	0 2
5 pint of pure milk	0 1
1/2 lb. of sugar	0 1
1 oz. of tea	0 1
1 candle (which would burn about 2 hours)	0 0 1/2
Pepper and salt	0 0 1/2
"It shows," says the rector, "that a shilling in cash can be made to go much further than a shilling ticket. Cash is obviously more beneficial than paper when the recipient is to be trusted. When the recipient is not to be trusted there is not a very good case for help. But what a revela- tion of how the poor contrive to exist!"		

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A MAN'S CHARITY

A New York paper tells the following story
of what is known as the "bread line": An Austrian
came to this country years ago to make his fortune.
He established a bakery and restaurant in New
York, and was succeeding, when one night he hap-
pened to note outside his shop a man who looked
through the cellar windows hungrily where the bak-
ers were busy. The baker asked the man, found
that he had eaten nothing for hours, and then taking
him inside, gave him a loaf of bread. The man dis-
appeared, but the next night several other men, ac-
companied by the first one, appeared at the bakery
door, and again the baker fed the hungry. Thus
the famous bread line was started. Since that time
no one who has asked for bread has been turned
away by the baker or his employees. Every night
in the week but one, all the year round, any one
who asks for it may have half a loaf of bread, "and
no questions asked."

The sociologists of New York feel that this char-
ity sets a bad precedent. It is no kindness to sus-
tain a man in idleness, they say, and they protested
strongly against the bread line. The baker con-
tended, however, that it was his privilege to feed
hungry men if he chose. Sometimes money was
sent to aid his philanthropy, but he always returned
it. This was his own particular way of helping his
fellowmen, and he wished to be allowed to continue
it in his own way. The money spent in this way
would amount now to a small fortune, it is said, for
the bread line, beginning in 1876 with one man, now
counts 300 to 500, and in times of financial stress it
has been even longer.

It is true that in most large cities there are places
where any one who is hungry can get a meal, but
at these places efforts are at once put forth to find
work for the applicant and to re-establish him on a
fair footing with society. Students of human con-
ditions contend that the highest charity is to enable
a man to dispense with charity. At the same time
this story of New York's bread line is picturesque
and interesting, and also illuminating as showing
one man's faithfulness to an ideal of human service,
to doing the thing he felt to be right. If his actual
deed is not to be everywhere emulated, his spirit
of active service certainly is.

DELAYED MARRIAGE

(From The New York American.)
It seems a strange thing that with all the varied
discussion of suffrage and the sex question, none
of the enthusiasts for sex equality have mentioned the
money question as it affects marriage. The Contin-

ental theory that marriage is family business, and
that it is the duty of the parents to see to the mat-
rimonial welfare of the young couple, finds no echo on

The American idea of marriage is still the pioneer
idea. In the old days, when women were scarce
and the question of organizing a home resolved it-
self merely into a mating, the men of this land were
glad to win anything that gave a petticoat. But
with the present dense population and the struggle
for existence in keen competition with other men,
this crude form of family life must of necessity give
way.

A crying evil of the present day is the delay of
marriage until one or both of the couple reaches
middle age. More and more it is the fashion for a
man to wait until he is thirty-five or forty before he
enters matrimony. That means that a man is forty
or forty-five before his babies come along, and that
when his sons and daughters are passing through
childhood he is too old to be a companion to them.
And these delayed marriages are nine times out of
ten caused by material financial considerations. It
is becoming harder and harder as the years go on
for a young man to earn enough to start and provide
for a family. But if the bride brought with her an
income sufficient to care for herself, supported by her
husband this condition would be changed instantly
and more youthful marriages would take place. In
all seriousness, this is a question that the American
father of the future must consider.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The powder lay in heaps—a threat
Of death—where powder should not lie;
Some foot threw down a cigarette—
And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereat, a solemn jury met
And laid the blame, in wisdom rare,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heaps of Want and Shame,
Where men build, one evil day
Some fool will fling a word of flame—
And what will follow, who shall say?

But should all earth be overcast,
We'll lay the blame, in dull despair,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that put the powder there.
—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

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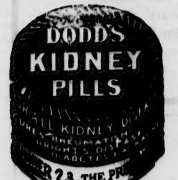
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He took his wife down town to shop. To save car fare was great. He jammed into a hitching post. Bill—\$278.

He spent all of the coin he had. And then in anguish cried: 'I'll put a mortgage on the house. And take just one more ride.'

The family were quietly seated at dinner, and little Willie was anxiously looking at his father. At last his curiosity broke the silence. "Father," he asked, "what makes your nose so red?"

"The east wind, my lad. Pass me that jug and get on with your dinner."

"Yes," murmured his mother, "pass your father the east wind, and don't talk so much."

Taking liberties with Hamlet a Cincinnati paper, in publishing the obituary notice of a wealthy catnip manufacturer, added to his many virtues that "he was a fellow of infinite zest."

As jade, as emeralds, as soap, as seas

You know, there was a girl I might have married. It is incorrect to speak of the careless pedestrian in the present tense. The careless pedestrian is dead and buried.—St. Louis Republic.

Jimson bought a business through an agent as a thorough-going concern. After six months he failed, but he took his troubles very lightly. Meeting the agent some time later, he said: "Do you remember selling me a business as a going concern?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied the agent. Well," said Jimson, "it's gone."

Dyer—I have no trouble keeping awake during the sermon.

Eyer—How do you manage it?

Dyer—By playing golf.—Life.

College President—You can't get into our college. You aren't qualified in the entrance requirements in Sanskrit, Greek or calculus.

Prospective Student—No, but I am very well grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

College President—Great Scott, man, you don't need a college education. Why don't you go into business?—Puck.

The English visitor was getting impressions as to American education.

"And do you know your alphabet?" he asked of the small boy in the house he was visiting.

"Yes," said the lad—"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J."

"Hold on there, my little lad," said the visitor. "Haven't you left out a letter?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I dropped my H. I wanted to see if an Englishman would notice it."

"Fertness is a characteristic of the American child," wrote the Englishman later, when he prepared his American notes for publication.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

THE WILD DUCK

The wild duck's life is filled with fear—His fate it oftentimes harsh is; And that's the reason why you hear Those shotguns in the marshes.

The sportsman rises ere the dawn, And to the bays and rivers He wends his way, the hours roll on, And there he sits and shivers.

Then when the wild duck saunters by, To seek a place that suits him, The sportsman with a wary eye Steps forth and calmly shoots him.

Sad is indeed the wild duck's fate, This grief, we feel's suspicious; Ah, thank you, yes, we'll pass our plate, He really is delicious.

Anno Domini 1922 was chalked up on the almanack, and the great Eastern fly-plane express was skimming along on its midnight journey from London to Tedin.

Suddenly the mechanical dicky-bird found itself in difficulties among the stars. Something was visibly wrong with the engine, and the customary speed palpably slackened.

"Ga-hoodness," cried the skipper, glancing astern at the vibrating propellers. "What all's the engine? What makes her go so slow today?"

The begoggled, perspiring engineer hopped from his perch and faced the commander, with tears in his eyes.

"Sir," he remarked sagely, "we're passing through the milky way, and the propellers are full of butter." And the skipper, being a great astronomer, let it go at that.

THE MIRROR

It was a hidden spot on the seashore. The waves lapped contentedly, the sun shone sweetly, and everything was quiet and peaceful.

The yard of sandy space between them had dwindled to two feet, to one foot, to nothing.

They watched the seagulls circling round the white cliffs, and she told him that her name was Edith.

"Edith's a sweet name," he declared.

"Ow you men flatter!" she murmured.

He edged still nearer. His arm was in the vicinity of her girle zone.

"Ere," she said, as she fished a pair of men's gloves from her vanity bag, and glanced at her white pique waistbelt, "if you're goin' to be friendly, you'd better wear these! My boy's a policeman, and he's not on finger-print!"

Mrs. New—Yes, most of the servants are as independent and as impertinent as they can be. Now, I believe it's best to take a young country girl and train her in the way she should go, and then—

Mrs. Older—First thing you know, she goes.

Bobbie—My dance, I think. Madam, on sorrow, I, Durcan's dance.

Bobbie—Oh! that's all right. I bought you for him two shillings.—Punch.

Maid—Jack is telling around that you are worth your weight in gold.

Ethel—The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to?

Mrs. H—His creditors.

Premier Roblin told a friend the other day that one danger of fluency was talking too fast. It reminded him of a banquet at which the walls were adorned with many beautiful paintings and a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast.

In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"—Winnipeg Telegram.

Senator Bristow of Kansas is so tall that when he plays golf he uses clubs a foot longer than those ordinarily used, and "when he hits the ball it goes a mile—when he hits it."

He recalls a story told on Bristow when he first fell before the temptation to play golf. He wanted to know how the game was played. "Well, you see," said his instructor, "you put the ball right here, just this way. Now see that mound over there about a mile or a half. Well, on that little mound there is a little hole, and the play is to put the ball into that hole in one stroke."

Bristow let drive with the same force that he had acquired in splitting rails in Kentucky, and the party followed the ball. When they came up to it they found, to the surprise of everyone but the Kansas Senator, that the ball was within three inches of the hole.

"Now, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Bristow, sorrowfully. "I missed it."—Saturday Evening Post.

It was at the dinner table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother.

"Do have another piece of pie, William."

"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha!—mother's a winner!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself!"

A West Virginian girl flagged a train with her apron and averted a wreck, showing that there are still girls who wear aprons.

Customer—What have you in the way of summer fiction?

Newsdewar—We have the platforms of all the parties and the candidates' speeches.—Life.

First Chicago Child—My father is connected with some of the best families in town.

Second Chicago Child—Pooh! That's nothing.

In a law case one of the witnesses for the defence irritated the plaintiff's counsel by apparently attempting to evade giving direct answers.

"Sir," said the lawyer, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" out of the witness. Presently the lawyer said:

"You say you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the west, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer, sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the east of him, do you?"

No.

"How is that, sir?" the astonished counsel asked. You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east nor west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"We live in a flat," said the witness, "and he lives in the flat above me."

WHY HOTEL STENOGRS SWALLOW THEIR GUM

"I want to dictate a letter to Mr. Ivanovich Poplowitchchikoffskovitch of Vladivostok, Russia. Hurry up."

"Say, sweetheart, do you work here just for fun?"

"I've got a gal who looks a whole lot like you. Do you mind if I take a look around and gossip awhile? Gee, this is a lonesome town."

You spelled five words wrong in that last letter I wrote to the home and I got called for it. Get in touch with Daniel Webster, kid."

"I won't you come out and help me pick out a neck-tie? My life always does it for me when I am home."

"I ain't never saw a stenographer so quick and accurate as you. Your grammar is just as perfect as mine."

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

It was a great three days that the Casino company gave us with the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. The old operas certainly stand the test of time well. Even "Patience," which deals with a phase of society that the present generation knows nothing of, more than holds its ground.

In many respects, it is the cleverest of all, so far as the Gilbert libretto goes. It gave De Wolf Hopper his biggest opportunity, and his luncheon was an exceedingly clever bit of work. It also gave the best part to Mr. George MacFarlane, who, as Archibald Grosvenor, was inimitable. His "Magnet and the Churn" and the "Willow" duet with Patience are both delightful memories.

The company made good its reputation of being one of all stars, but among the stars, Mr. MacFarlane certainly shone the brightest. Right through the engagement, with the exception of "Patience," where Capt. Corcoran did not give him any great chance, his singing and acting were the feature of each performance. When he came on as the Mikado in the second act on the first night, the only regret was that his time on the stage was so limited. His singing of "To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime" was only equalled by that of "The Modern Major-General" in "The Pirates" on the last night. Mr. MacFarlane's name as a headliner on any comic opera bill will be sufficient hereafter to draw any one who saw his work on this occasion.

Eugene Cowles showed to much better advantage as Joshuah than as any of his other parts. He still sings well, but is slightly ponderous. Mr. Aldridge's Nanki-Poo was his best performance. Mr. Cunningham did consistently good work throughout, but his Sir Joseph Pinter being particularly well done, especially the ever popular.

Stick close to your desk and never go to sea. And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navy.

Blanche Duffield has a voice of great sweetness in her singing of the many fine solos that fell to her as a delight, notably the "Poor Wandering Boy" in "The Pirates" and the moon song in "The Mikado." A little more animation would help her, however. In this respect, Louise Barthel was a striking contrast. Miss Barthel's Pitti Sing was something that is not easy to forget. For Miss Kate Condon an especial note is due. A quite new beauty was given by her to the solos of Kallisha. In that and the part of Ruth, the princess of all work, she was superb.

Mr. MacFarlane is a Canadian, one of the many who have achieved distinction on the stage across the line.

"It is not generally known," said Vanderheyden Fyles, writing under the title of "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama," in October Canada Monthly, "how many of the stars of Broadway are Canadian-born. For example, Ontario can point to a notable array of distinguished sons and daughters. While James K. Hackett, having been born on Wolfe Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It simply happened that they were summering in Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell a mermaid because she was born at sea! Ontario's most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high ambition, is Julia Arthur, now living in retirement in Boston as the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney. She gave up the histrionic battle before her thirtieth year; yet not until she had achieved a remarkable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare. Born in Hamilton, her name was actually Lewis. For stage purposes, however, she borrowed from her brother, Arthur Lewis, instead of drawing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stage with Roselle Knott and William Clark; while Ontario was also represented by Ida Hawley, who "died too soon," and is by McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, Norman Hackett, of Amherstburg, by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor, known as author of "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Chorus Lady," and by—who would you say? Why, by the blonde and buxom, good and worldly-wise May Irwin!"

"It is, after all, the vaudeville stars who disport themselves with a distinctively American slapdash that one hardly can associate with Canada. Who ever could feature May Irwin in the little town of Whitty—or Marie Dressler in Colours? Arthur Deacon came from Seaford, and Donald Brian from St. John's; but Toronto gave a winning world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semblance of nudity, in a coarse farce entitled "A Wife and a Pawn," and Maud Allan, of "Salome" notoriety. And still they come! For Eva Tanguay first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care"—at Marleton!"

Just at present a fund is being raised in England for Mr. Temple, the original "Mikado," who is in straightened circumstances.

Mr. Rutland Barrington, who was the original Poo-bah with Mr. Temple, and who is now playing in Birmingham in the new sporting play, "A Member of Tattersall's," a week or so ago expressed the keenest regret at his old colleague's unfortunate position. "I knew nothing about it," he said, "until I read it in 'The Daily Mail' this morning, and I am very greatly grieved and distressed about it."

"Temple and I are the last of an old brigade. Those were great days. Richard Temple was undoubtedly the best 'Mikado' I ever saw or played with. But we have long drifted apart. He was a very fine actor and a most genial companion."

Mr. Barrington recalled an incident which well illustrates the veteran Savoyard's popularity. "In final dress rehearsals of the 'Mikado' after Temple had sung the famous song 'My Specter all sublime' some one complained that it was too long and inclined to be tedious. So Gilbert 'cut out' much to the dismay of Temple, for it was his best song and, in fact, his only solo."

"Temple's disappointment so touched the hearts of the choristers that in a body they appealed to Mr. Gilbert, who, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, decided that the song should be sung as origin-

ally intended. Mr. Temple was overjoyed, and the song turned out to be one of his best hits."

Mr. Barrington hopes to take part in the benefit performance Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving are arranging in aid of the veteran actor.

The Orpheum bill the first three nights of the week was up to the high standard already set and was as usual greeted by crowded houses. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson in "The Right Girl" and Watt, the electrical worker, were the featured while the athletic feats of the Nazario company were exceptionally good.

The last three nights of the week that greeted of recent comic successes "The Chocolate Soldier" is being given by an excellent company. The wide popularity of "My Hero" and "The Letter Song" is quite sufficient to draw capacity houses.

A contributor to a Vancouver paper, in the course of an article on "Where the Actors Come From," tells a good story. Here it is:

"An American philanthropist made a business of getting jobs for men just out of gaol. A notorious crackman came to him with a letter of introduction from the clergyman. 'I've the very thing you want,' said the philanthropist, when the gaolbird had dilated and with pride upon his exploits. 'I'll see my friend Briggs; come around tomorrow morning.' The crackman, encouraged by the prospect of honest work, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. 'You're to go to work at once,' said the philanthropist. 'My friend Briggs is producing a melo drama. In it is a scene where a burglar enters the room and cracks a safe. I'll only take a few minutes, and you don't have to speak a word; just execute the job with the minute details that will make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week.' The convict dolefully shook his head. 'Sorry I can't take the job, boss.' 'Can't take it? Why, I'm the chance of your life.' 'Can't help it, boss; I promised my mother I'd never go on the stage.'"

Alfred Sutro, the English playwright visiting New York, told two little stories of George Meredith while discussing the making of the oratorio.

"I had asked him if I might accept the 'Ecloga,'" said Sutro, "and he had accepted the suggestion. We worked together at it, he insisting that we collaborate in the dramatization. I spent many many delightful week ends with him in connection with his work—and a rare privilege it was."

"On the evening we were going over a scene that Meredith had written. It seemed to me a bit long. 'Don't you like it?' asked Meredith, noticing that I made no comment. 'Well,' I said, 'if you would write the scene over, using the shortest possible cut to your meaning.' He remained silent awhile, thinking it over. The scene was one in which the colonel has begged the heroine to give him more hope than she had hitherto held out to him. She replied to all his protestations: 'You are my true and faithful friend.' He is not satisfied. He begs her to tell him more. It was this speech that Mr. Meredith had written and which I thought too long. Suddenly he spoke. 'Am I to banquet upon this water?'"

"It was a typical Meredith sentence," continued Sutro, "and peculiarly his own."

"On incident in George Meredith's life always impressed me. He was about to undergo an operation and had been told by his physician that the danger was considerable. He said nothing about it, however. The night before he was to go under the knife he invited several of his dearest friends to dine with him. It was one of the jolliest little dinners of his life! The next day he was operated on and came through with safety. After it was over he was asked if he had not been afraid."

"No," he replied, "I have the greatest faith in the kindness of Nature. I felt that whatever happened to this battered old cage of mine, the little bird fluttering inside it would come to no harm."

The following editorial in the Prince Albert Herald is of interest in showing the contrast between that which has existed in the past between the different cities of Saskatchewan in connection with the provincial musical festival. The contrast with Alberta, which was the first to inaugurate such an annual event is most marked. The Herald says:

"The publication of the syllabus of the fifth annual festival under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Musical Association, to be held at Regina next May, recalls the somewhat regrettable absence of the Prince Albert choral society from the last competition, after having won the grand challenge shield representing the choral championship of the province, for two years in succession."

Had the Prince Albert choral society participated successfully at the last festival, the challenge shield would have become the permanent property of the society, three successive wins entitling the competitors to possession of the trophy.

However it is useless at this stage to indulge in vain regrets. The question that naturally suggests itself is whether Prince Albert proposes to make itself a Prince Albert choral society, or whether, elsewhere, have been very flattering to the talent of this city. In fact it has been pointed out by some judges that the voices of Prince Albert competitors in previous festivals have exhibited a natural sweetness of tone that is missing from those of the singers from communities on the prairie. This they claimed was due to natural advantages of latitude and climate.

There is apparently considerable disorganization among the singing forces of Prince Albert at the present time. Whatever has given rise to this undesirable state of affairs, it seems a pity, that with such a creditable record behind it, Prince Albert should not make an effort to maintain its standing at the musical festivals.

Proficiency in music is in itself a sufficient reward for some sacrifice on the part of those who have the ability to give them. It is a pity, however, that in popularizing this department of culture, but when it is considered that the prowess of the musical community is likely to shed additional lustre to the commercial greatness of the city by making it better known throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is another very compelling argument that our musical people should be strongly represented at the next provincial tournament.



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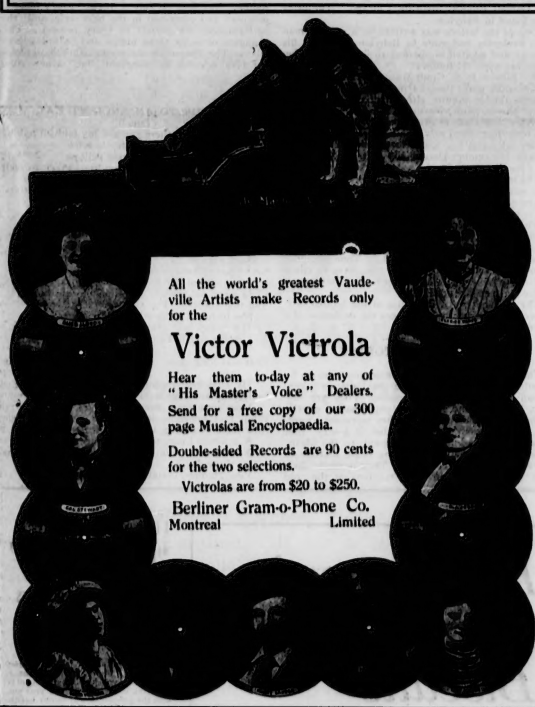
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LOVE LETTERS 4000 YEARS OLD

Love letters on a baked brick 4000 years old, were translated by the Rev. Dr. E. C. Eiselein, at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago. The brick was found in Babylon.

One of the letters was written by a young man who evidently had gone to Babylon to make his fortune and wanted his fiancée to join him and become his wife. It follows:

To Bibeya from Gimil-Marduk. May Sramash and Marduk grant thee, for my sake, to live forever. I write this to inquire after thy health. Let me know how it goes with thee. I am now settled in Babylon, but I am in great anxiety because I have not seen thee. Send news when thou wilt come that I may rejoice at it. Come in the month of Arakshamuna (November-December). Mayest thou, for my sake, live forever.

The toothache cure in full as written to those people, said Dr. Eiselein, and they prepared a peculiar mixture to put on the throbbing tooth, but had to recite an incantation to help out the medicine.

The toothache cure in full as written on the brick was:

So must thou say this: "Oh, worm, may Fa smite thee with the might of his fist." Thou shouldst then do the following: mix beer, the plant sa-kilbar and oil together. Repeat thereon the incantation thrice and put it on the teeth.

The explanation of the cause of the toothache is as weird. The inscription traces the evolution of a worm which causes the pain.

THE POLLARDS COMING

Thirty-five of the most talented juveniles to be found on the stage constitute the Pollard's Australian Juvenile Opera Company. They are all from Australia, and is the only organization worthy of the name in the business. They represent a number of the latest musical comedies in a way that puts many an adult opera company to the blush, their acting, dancing and singing being matters of marvel to all who see them. They opened their first American tour in San Francisco, at the old

To have two or three corsets in constant use is really an economy. The newest one should be reserved for dress occasions. A second one may be chosen especially to wear with tailored suits. The third and oldest one gives perfect freedom and comfort while attending to household duties.



Tivoli Opera House, in 1901, and press and public had nothing but praise for them then, and in all towns visited since. This is the fifth tour of the world made by this organization, commencing in Sydney, Australia on July 1, 1912. Every piece is mounted and costumed in the best style, and the performances are perfect in every respect. The engagement is for three nights and Saturday matinee at The Empire, commencing Thursday, October 17th, opening in "Sergeant Rile," a new comedy.

AN ODE TO AN ANCIENT HAT

(Punch.)

A hat? . . . Ah, there you are, my faithful fellow!

My discoloured, disconsolate old felt!

Fallen into the sere, the almost yellow,

Whose leaf was once a wondrous green to melt

My eyes that saw you hanging at the hatter's,

Soiled not of sun that rusts nor storm that hatters,

But boasting such a tint as vernal trees,

As jade, as emeralds, as soup, as seas

Never attempt—the perfect Tyrolean.

You know, there was a girl I might have married

Last year at Southsea—oh, she told me so;

Yet to our mutual grief the thing miscarried.

I introduced her to you once, you know

(You were not present at our fonder meetings),

And that sufficed. For all my fervent blessings,

She bade me settle which did I prefer—

Her or my hat? Well, loving though we were,

I really couldn't throw you up for her.

That was long since. The suns of Time have slain

you.

Have looked you for the man of rag and bone,

Sadly the Fates had fashioned you, for they knew

How surely you would wilt—yes, they alone;

While I—! somehow dreamed you could not perish.

Nor were you hanging the hat I used to cherish!

Nor would I care to venture out in you

Nowadays. You have seen your seasons

through.

Yes, Thomas, certainly—Will this one do?

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SPORTING WORLD

A United States sporting paper says—
For many years the injured in football games have numbered from 200 to 500 annually, while the fatalities usually run from 20 to 30. Imagine the popular indignation if 10 or 15 boxes were killed each month! In the Rugby game, as played in England and her colonies and in Western America, fatalities and injuries are much less frequent, although it would seem that the ancient British pastime was in its infancy almost as hazardous as the modern American game. Phillip Stubbs, in a book published on a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice, than a fellows sports or pastime. For should not every eye in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pick him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones?

"In ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever it be, he careth not, so he have him down. And he can serve the most in this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So by this means some time their legs, some time their arms, some time one part thrust out of joint, some time an other, some time the noses gush out with blood, some time their eyes start out, and some time hurt in one place, some time in another. But whoever scapeath away the best goeth not scot-free, but is either sore wounded, crained and bruised, or he dyeth of the disease scapeth very hardly."

"And no marvel, for they have the sleight to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the harte with their elbows, to hit him under the shut ribbes with their gripped listies, and with their knees to catch him upon the hips, and to pick him on the neck, and herof growth malice, enmitie, murder, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth."

Football will always have some risks attached to it. It would not be the popular game that it is if it did not. But it is just as well that these are not as great in connection with our game as that on their other side of the border.

The match last Saturday between the Edmonton Eskimos and the Calgary Tigers was due a great deal to establish Canadian Rugby in the good graces of the sports-loving public of this city. It was a great contest and leads one to believe that an Alberta team could be put in the field that could hold its own with the best in the Western leagues. It was a narrow victory, 8 to 6, but the Calgary score was made on such an obvious fluke that no one had any doubt that the better team won. Easton's error was a strange one.

The big games in the east aroused much interest as the first of the season always do. It looks like Toronto University again in the Intercollegiate, the victory over McGill being described as a very creditable one.

The victories of the Coast lacrosse teams over the eastern contenders for the championship cups are astounding in their completeness. Cornwall has been absolutely overwhelmed by West Westminster. The success of the latter this season with its home-brew team does much to help the game along.

London Truth makes this interesting contribution to the discussion that has been going on as to the degeneracy of English athletes:

"As a nation we are a peculiar folk. Our successes in sports we take as a matter of course. Defeat tries us beyond measure, in a certain sense. We do not mind other winning, but we are annoyed with ourselves. We show no pleasure in success, and we do not reward it. The American athletes had a great home-coming. No one takes any notice of the Leander crew that won at Stockholm. Barnes, who has done more to get the other side out in test matches than any other boxer, has no benefit. The British public does not come forward and subscribe its shilling. Not a bit of it. It keeps its silver and spends its coppers and wastes ink and paper in writing to the press and telling Fry how to captain a team."

The South African cricketers retrieved themselves in a measure in the last match of their season in England, indicating that there was something in what has been said about the hard luck in which they have been playing. At Hastings they defeated a strong team of Gentlemen of England by six wickets. In the last innings they put together 273 for the loss of four.

The Rest of England beat the champion Yorkshire team very easily. The former made 307 in their single innings, Spenser ending a brilliant series with 140 and young Heath playing a fine 68. Yorkshire's two efforts netted 107 and 78.

The second game between Philadelphia and the Australians resulted in a win for the latter, but the play was close and following on the Philadelphia victory in the first match should do a great deal for American cricket. It looks as if King is as good a bowler as there is in the game today and any opportunity should be given for him to go up against a representative English eleven.

It is reported that Christopher Buckley, the famous Aston Villa half-back, is to come to Western Canada to take up farming.

The amateur golfer had not been doing very well, and toward the close of the round he turned to the caddy and said:

"Let me see! Is that one hundred and ninety-five or one hundred and ninety-six strokes?"

"Don't know, sir," was the reply. "What you need is an adding machine, not a caddy."

It is an unfortunate thing to have to prepare a department like this in the middle of such a series as that going on between New York and Boston. It looks as if the science of baseball was never in a more highly developed state than as represented by these two teams. The news of the games overshadows everything else in importance for the week.

Writing after the first game, which Boston won by 4-3, I am still of the opinion that the Giants reach the Mirror reader, but after following the season's play, I am convinced that the metropolis has the better team.

IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD

There has undoubtedly been a considerable stimulation in the real estate market during the past week or ten days, though nothing of a particularly striking character has been announced.

The holding up of the work on the high level bridge by a wage dispute will not, it is thought, have very serious consequences, an adjustment being looked for any day. Even a few days of delay at this season of the year is, however, a misfortune. So many people have made their arrangements on the strength of the completion of the enterprise around the time stated by the railway company, that if this is put back to any extent it will cause quite a bit of inconvenience. From a municipal standpoint, the two cities having joined on the assumption of the early completion of the bridge, it is also very necessary that the work should be rushed. The C. P. R. itself certainly wants to get to the north side just as soon as possible. With so many interests concerned, it is incredible therefore that there can be anything but a very brief stoppage of operations.

The street car department is getting busy on a large programme of expansion for next year. Ten miles of tracks will be laid. Naturally there is considerable interest in finding where the construction will be. For one thing, the lines provided for on the south side by the amalgamation agreement have to be gone on with and the extension to the G. T. P. works has already been decided upon.

The C. N. R. line west from Red Deer is expected to reach the town of Nordegg next May, when a company of which Martin Nordegg is the head will be in a position to ship out 2,500 tons of coal per day. A million dollar plant is being put in. This is one of the many developments that are taking place in that country of which we hear very little. Nordegg is 117 miles west of Red Deer via rail, the railway follows the Saskatchewan River from Rocky Mountain House to where the Shunda Creek empties into it, it then skirts the east bank of Shunda Creek until it comes to The Gap, it then swings over the crest to the south bank and two miles from the Gap it will tap Nordegg.

The Vancouver News-Advertiser has this news item that is of considerable interest to Edmonton:

Mr. L. L. Gordon of London, Ont., returned yesterday from a month's trip into the interior. He went up as far as Fort George. He declared that he was greatly impressed with the possibilities of the Northern country and said that some of the best land on the continent was to be found there. He also expressed the opinion that Vancouver had made a great mistake in not insisting on the earlier completion of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway.

"Next summer the G. T. P. will be nearer Fort George and immense supplies will have to be brought in," he said. "It is estimated that the company will be spending nearly \$400,000 per month on wages and supplies and most of that amount will go to the supply houses and merchants of Edmonton, who will have direct connection in over the G. T. P. Furthermore, when the trade becomes once established it will be difficult for Vancouver to break in. If the Pacific Great Eastern were completed all that money would come to this city."

W. Westernman, president of the Bank of Rotterdam, is making a trip of inspection in Canada after having represented the chamber of commerce at Rotterdam at the international convention of chamber of commerce at Washington. The institution of which Mr. Westernman is president and general manager, is the strongest financial institution doing purely banking business in the Netherlands and it has branches both at Rotterdam and Amsterdam. This bank issues the bonds of the Netherland Trans-Atlantic Mortgage Bank of Amsterdam, which has an agency at Winnipeg, and it is mainly to see for himself what western conditions are like that Mr. Westernman has come to Canada.

The following is an extract from the "Toronto Saturday Night":

A Combination of Strength
"Winnipeg, Aug. 20.—The Winnipeg Fire Insurance Company, with assets of over \$100,000.00 was absorbed by the Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co., by a deal completed yesterday, a premium being paid for the stock and out-standing contracts being guaranteed by the Maritime concern. More capital will be introduced and the new company will be operated as a separate concern under a Dominion charter."

"The Winnipeg Fire Insurance Company has been very successfully conducted, and the Nova Fire Insurance Company is one of the best of our Canadian companies. The combination of two small but strong companies will make one really good company, in which the Canadian insuring public may have perfect confidence. The business methods of the Nova Scotia have always been of the highest class; it was one of the first companies to issue a policy without red ink variations. We are pleased to be able to speak so highly of a Canadian fire insurance company."

The above deal was negotiated by the well known insurance and financial firm of Messrs. Prith, Townsend & Co., Ltd., of this City, General Agents of both of the above companies, and who will continue to represent the combined companies in the same capacity.

NEEDN'T HAVE MEASLES

A medical authority in England has just complained, with much indignation, against the belief entertained by too many mothers, that children must have measles and might as well be subjected to the contagion when young and be done with it. He announces this as a pernicious superstition, and one which has done incalculable mischief, and mumps are diseases which every child must undergo, and that the sooner they are over and done with the better. It is a foolish idea and should be discouraged. A child does not require to run this gauntlet and is fortunate to escape any or all of these ailments.

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FORT GEORGE is the KEY to all fertile valleys of Central British Columbia.

FORT GEORGE is at the hub, from where all the waters radiate, commanding over twelve hundred miles of STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION to the North, South, East and West.

FORT GEORGE now has Post Office, Telegraph Office, Telephone System, Banks, Hospital, Theatre, Stores, Churches, Schools, Sawmills, Board of Trade, Public Buildings, Daily Newspapers, and an enterprising, progressive population.

FORT GEORGE the new City that is making good now, was selected by nature, developed by man, made commercially certain by Railroads and destined to become one of the mighty cities of the mighty West, being the centre of all Railroads building into Central B.C.

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The Lots are high, dry, level and cleared.

Lots \$300 up. Cash, Balance 4, 8, 12 and 16 months

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VANITY FAIR

The dance is apparently the thing in Edmonton this month.

This Friday, Mrs. B. J. Saunders is giving one at her residence on Sixth Street, for her daughters, Miss Marjorie and Miss Beatrice.

On Monday, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Belcher are giving another in the Separate School hall.

Next Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dawson will be the host and hostess of a similar event in the Separate School hall in honor of their daughter, Miss Jean's coming out.

On Tuesday, the 101st have their fortnightly dance in the same building.

Life is a whirl of gaiety for the dancing set, though card clubs and card parties are very late in beginning their activities.

The Tea again is with us. I mean the Crush Tea.

They are rather enjoyable early in the season, as furnishing an opportunity for meeting a great many friends at one dull tete-a-tete—I didn't mean that—I meant at one fell stroke.

They have to be. They are a necessary complement to the social life of every city, where one likes and meets a great many people, whom one simply couldn't ask to any card party, however large.

The little coteries keep much as they were, and new ones are forming.

The Big Tea keeps them in touch with one another.

I used to despise them. Now I know they have their definite place in one's life.

I hear that Judge and Mrs. Beck have bought the charming house on the hill, "My House," built by Mr. and Mrs. McPherson.

Though lovely homes are going up all over the city, the view and charm of this delightful residence remain almost unparalleled.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick is giving a "tea" this Friday afternoon, at her new home on Twenty-first Street.

I hear that Miss Marjorie Wilson is to be one of this year's debutantes. Both on her own, and her mother's account, her coming out will arouse a great deal of interest.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens entertained at a smart little tea on Saturday afternoon last, in honor of Lady Dubuc, a fascinating visitor from Winnipeg.

The guest of honor wore a very modish black toilette relieved with some fine old lace, and a hat en suite.

Mrs. Dickens was, as always, a delightful hostess, and was wearing the most becoming gown of King's blue fustian with little knife-pleated white net accessories.

The table was exquisitely done with a dark brown basket, overflowing with lilies of the valley, pink roses, ferns and yellow mums, on a billowy white chiffon foundation, half buried in tender green lily of the valley leaves.

Here Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Percy Barnes presided. Miss Phyllis and Miss Gwen Barnes and Miss Porteous being three pretty girl assistants.

Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes was a tea-hour hostess this Thursday, Mrs. Holland, of England, being the guest of honor.

Dr. and Mrs. Rooney have returned from their wedding tour, Mrs. Rooney receiving with her mother, Mrs. Day, on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Anna Oliver's wedding to Mr. Julian Garratt will be one of the big social events in Ottawa this week.

Miss Naomi Farrell of Winnipeg, was a week-end visitor to Mrs. Dick Scoble, a few friends having the pleasure of enjoying a cup of tea with her on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Chas. May was one of the week's tea hostesses, entertaining at the tea hour on Friday last for her daughter's young girl friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardee and their house guests, and Mr. Rolt are going out to Mr. Baker's farm at the Fort, for a week-end shoot.

Tickets for the dance to be given on Friday, October 18th, in the Separate School hall, in aid of a Victorian Nurses' Home, may be procured at either Archibald's, Lines, or Sissons' drug stores.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty invited about twenty of Miss Lillian Hardisty's girl friends in for tea on Friday last, when they had a merry hour talking over the unusual gaiety promised for the next few weeks.

Mrs. Hardisty and Miss Kelly presided over the tea and ices, and Miss Lillian Hardisty and Miss Norah Campbell assisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris are home again from a delightful trip that took them by way of the big American Cities, and back for a few days' visit to Winnipeg. Mrs. Morris is looking splendidly for the change, and was one of the smartest dressed women at the week's teas.

Mrs. L. F. Clarry will receive for the first time this season at her home, 1253 Victoria avenue, this Friday, October 11th. Her guest, Miss Iertha Clarry, will receive with her. Beginning with November, Mrs. Clarry will receive on the third Tuesday of each month.

The Mistanusk Chapter Daughter of the Empire are holding a rummage sale on the 17th, 18th and 19th October, the place of the sale to be announced later.

Mrs. R. Percy Barnes asked a few friends to tea on Tuesday afternoon to meet Mrs. Holland (England). Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes poured tea.

Major Bryce J. Saunders, Reserve of Officers, 10th Alberta Dragoons, has been gazetted honorary lieutenant-colonel of the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers.

Miss Madge Macdonald of Halifax, N.S., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Horace Dickey, Twenty-first Street.

Miss Kelley, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, left on Tuesday for her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Beck entertained at two tables of Bridge on Tuesday in honor of Lady Dubuc, of Winnipeg.

The guests were Miss Teeley, Lady Dubuc, Madam Lucien Dubuc, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Ewing.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Suzette Baldwin left on Thursday for Toronto and Montreal.

Miss Marion Thompson's friends will regret to hear she is suffering from a broken wrist, the result of a fall from her horse at "Swallowhurst" ranch.

Miss Violet Wilson has been spending an enjoyable holiday as Miss Thompson's guest.

Owing to pressure on space, I am holding over the account of Mrs. Pardee's tea for her guests Mrs. Kittermaster and Miss Muriel Garvey, of Sarina, which was the biggest social event of this week.

Judging from letters received by friends of Dr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, they are having a delightful visit in the Old Country.

THE L' ST MONA LISA

I think I have at last learnt the truth as to the fate of the Gioconda. It is melancholy news: laisite ogni speranza. We shall never again see Leonardo de Vinci's famous picture. One might wish it had been stolen, for then there would have been hope for its reappearance. The fact is, I learn, that it never left the Louvre; it perished there. A photographer's employee, wishing to avenge himself on the world at large for what he thought his wrongful dismissal, imagined a piece of sabotage worthy of a twentieth century Herodotus; he spread the contents of a phial of sulphuric acid over the portrait of Mona Lisa.

From another source I have heard further particulars. I do not vouch for them with the same certainty, but regard them, nevertheless, as highly probable. The virtuous outrage on the Gioconda was committed a year or two before the world learnt of the theft. The picture supposed to have been stolen was, in fact, a copy. As long as there was any hope of restoring the original the substitute was left in the familiar frame under a glass pane. This piece of plate glass was inserted a year or two before the "theft." When all hopes of restoring the original were given up, and when certain visitors were beginning to whisper their doubts about the picture under the glazed frame, the substitute was taken out and very likely thrown into the fire. Possibly the original panel, a worthless piece of wood, met with the same fate.

After the sensational disappearance of the Gioconda, or let us say its copy, Government officials were not long in perceiving the improbability of a theft. The police were allowed, however, to follow this scent, first, out of kindness to the public, and, secondly, because to let out the whole of what is now believed to be the true story would have compelled responsible officials to admit even more folly than they did the slackness and inefficiency that prevailed high and low among the Louvre staff. The pretext, however, was a good one for removing several menials suspected of trades unionist proclivities. The director of the Louvre, M. Homolle, did not too badly out of the adventure. His resignation was accepted, but as compensation he was appointed director of the French archaeological school of Athens, a post he had already filled, and to which he was longing to return.

And now, farewell Gioconda!

I asked a friend of mine, an authority on chemistry, what would be the effect of pouring sulphuric acid on a picture. "Burn the varnish," he said, "and destroy the colors. They are all the more liable to attack by sulphuric acid, as they are, as a rule, oxides. They would be turned into sulphates, mostly soluble. The acid would not need to be concentrated. Indeed, diluted acid would act all the quicker. It would be all over in a few seconds. A few black and white spots formed by insoluble sulphates might give a sort of shadow of the picture; that is, if the paint did not come off in rags."—Truth.

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We invite your inspection of these new Winter styles—you'll find prices considerably lower than elsewhere.

SECOND FLOOR

The Enjoyment of Luncheon

OUR Dining Room is delightfully situated on the Third Floor—above the din and noise of the busy street and apart from the shopping throngs of the store. This, combined with "Hudson's Bay" service, make tea or luncheon here a delight.

A REJECTED STORY

(New York Tribune.)

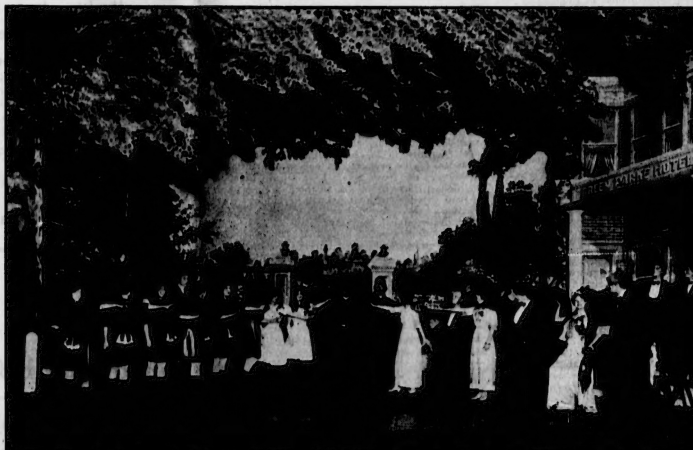
There is a copy reader on a New York newspaper who has one hold upon fame. Years ago he was the Sunday editor of a San Francisco newspaper. One night a modest-looking young man, who wore spectacles and shabby clothes, and had an English accent, walked in and tried to sell him, at space rate, a story of Indian life, which he said he had written some time before for an Indian newspaper in America. The Sunday editor took the story and read it, and then refused it on the ground that it was not interesting enough to entertain an American public. The name of the young Englishman was Kipling, and the story he tried to sell was the now famous one, called "The Man Who Would Be King."

BROTHER RIGHTS A WRONG

(Boston Telegram to the Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Following the discovery that Matthew Connell, Jr., a prominent Lynn business man, had two wives, his brother, John Connell, has married one of them and Matthew has escaped with a fine imposed by a Dorchester judge.

"I have married the woman who for five years thought she was the wife of my brother," said John Connell, "because I want to atone for some of the wrong that has been done by a Connell. I want my brother's child, five years old, to have the name Connell, for it belongs to him. When I heard of the terrible charge of bigamy against my brother, I came at once from Maine, met his wife for the first time, realized her worth and asked her to become my wife."



Scene from Act I in "Sergeant Bruck," at the Empire, Oct. 17th.